

# The Middletown Transcript.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 19, 1875.

NO. 25.

VOL. VIII.

## Middletown Directory.

### CORPORATION OFFICERS.

Town Commissioners—B. W. Lockwood, President; J. R. Hall, Secretary; L. P. McDowell, J. H. Wall, L. G. Vandevert, Assessors—C. E. Anderson, Treasurer—Joseph Hanson, Justice of the Peace—D. W. Walker, Constable and Poundkeeper—R. H. Foster, Lamp-lighter—F. O. Schreitz.

### NOTARY PUBLIC.

John A. Reynolds.

### TRUSTEES OF THE ACADEMY.

Hon. John P. Cochran, Pres.; Henry Davis, Treas.; Samuel Penington, Secretary; James Kneely, B. Gibbs, R. T. Cochran, N. Williams, Principal of Academy—L. B. Jones.

### OFFICERS OF CITIZENS' NAT'L BANK.

Directors—Henry Clayton, B. Gibbs, B. T. Biggs, John A. Reynolds, James Culbertson, R. C. Penington, M. E. Walker, J. B. Cochran, Joseph Biggs, President—Henry Clayton, Cashier—J. R. Hall, Teller—John S. Crouch.

### DIRECTORS OF TOWN HALL CO.

J. M. Cox, Pres.; Samuel Penington, Sec.; J. R. Hall, Treas.; R. A. Cochran, Jas. Culbertson, Jas. H. Soward, Wm. H. Barr.

### CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian—Rev. John Patton, D. D., Pastor. Divine service every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9 a. m. Lectures on Wednesdays at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School in the Chapel at Armstrong's every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. St. Anne's Protestant Episcopal—Rev. Wm. C. Butler, Rector. Service on Sundays at 10:00 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9:00 a. m. Lectures on Fridays at 7:30 p. m. Methodist Episcopal—Rev. E. C. Matlock, D. D., Pastor. Service every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursdays at 7:30 p. m. Colored Methodist—Rev. J. B. Brown, Pastor. Service every other Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 3 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

### MASONIC.

Admiral Chapter No. 5, R. A. M. Meets in Masonic Hall on the second and fourth Fridays of every month at 8 o'clock, p. m. Union Lodge No. 5, A. F. A. M. Meets on the first and third Tuesdays of every month at 8 o'clock, p. m. Masonic Hall.

### KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Damon Lodge, No. 12 Meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Lodge room in the Town Hall.

### PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

Patrons of Husbandry, No. 3. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. Orange Room with Knights of Pythias.

### I. O. O. F.

Good Samaritan Lodge, No. 9. Meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Lodge Room in Cochran Hall, No. 2, Cochran Square.

### BUILDING AND LOAN.

Middletown B. & L. Association—Samuel Penington, Pres.; A. G. Cox, Secretary. Meets on the first Thursday of every month at 8 o'clock, p. m. Mutual Loan Association of Middletown—Jas. H. Soward, Pres.; E. C. Matlock, Sec. Meets on the third Tuesday of every month at 8 o'clock, p. m.

### MIDDLETOWN LIBRARY AND READING ROOM.

B. W. Lockwood, Pres.; J. T. Budd, Sec. Rooms in Town Hall, Reading Room, Sec. 2. Open every day until 10 o'clock, p. m. Library open on Wednesdays and Saturdays from 3 o'clock to 5 p. m.

### AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

Pres. Agricultural and Pomological Association—Charles Benton, President; J. T. Budd, Secretary. Wm. B. Cochran, Chairman of Board of Managers. Annual Meeting third Saturday in January. Fair of 1875, October 5, 6, 7 and 8.

### DIAMOND STATE BRASS BAND.

Meets for practice every Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

### POST OFFICE.

Office hours—Opens at 6:30 a. m. and closes at 10 p. m. every day except Sunday. Mail for the North closes at 6:45 a. m. and 3:00 p. m. Mail for the South closes at 10 a. m. and 3:00 p. m. Mail for Newark, Sasaratas and Cecilton closes at 10:15 a. m.

### DELAWARE RAILROAD.

Passenger trains going North leave at 7:04 a. m. and 3:14 p. m.; going South at 10:33 a. m. and 7:55 p. m. Freight trains with passenger cars attached, going North, leave at 7:45 p. m. going South, at 6:28 a. m.

### STAGE LINES.

Stage for Odessa, via U. S. Mail, leaves shortly after arrival of the 10:23 a. m. and 7:55 p. m. mail trains. Stages for Warwick, Sasaratas and Cecilton leave shortly after arrival of the 10:23 a. m. train.

### FURNITURE.

### UNDERTAKING.

### UPHOLSTERING.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the citizens of Middletown and vicinity that he has on hand a large and well selected stock of handsome and durable

Walnut and Other Furniture, which he will sell very cheap for cash. Buying at wholesale cash rates he feels assured that he can sell as low as the same goods can be bought elsewhere. By buying of him purchasers will be saved the freight on their goods from the city. He is also prepared to attend to

Undertaking Work at short notice, and in a manner commensurate with the occasion. Persons wishing Metallic or Wooden Caskets or Cases will find it to their advantage to call on him. He has, also,

TAYLOR & SON'S Celebrated Corpse Preserver, which will preserve the body in its natural state for a long time, and can be seen at all times as nothing but dry cold air enters the casket.

GEORGE W. WILSON, Practical Cabinet Maker and Undertaker, Feb 12-12m Middletown Del.

PURE GROUND RAW BONE Furnished by car in lots of five tons and upwards, or smaller quantities from store. Parties ordering early will get all the benefit of lowest prices. Also, materials for manufacturing Phosphate always on hand. Prices as low as the lowest, quality as good as the best. Orders and inquiries by mail promptly attended to. J. A. GRANTON, Feb 13-June 1. Newport, Del.

## Select Poetry.

### "Even This Shall Pass Away."

THE KING'S RING.

Once in Persia reigned a king,  
Who upon his signet ring  
Graved a mystic true and wise,  
Which, if held before his eyes,  
Gave him counsel, at a glance,  
Fits for every change and chance;  
Solemn words, and these are they:  
"Even this shall pass away!"

Trains of camels through the sand  
Brought him gems from Samarcand;  
Fleets of galleys through the sea  
Brought him pearls to match with these;  
But he counted not as gain  
Treasures of the mine or main,  
"What is wealth?" the king would say,  
"Even this shall pass away!"

In the revels of the court,  
At the zenith of his sport,  
When the palms of all his guests  
Burned with clapping at his jests,  
He, amid his fits and wine,  
Fleets of friends of mine and mine,  
Pleasures, honors but not to stay;  
"Even this shall pass away!"

Lady fairest ever seen  
Chosen for his bride and queen;  
Couched upon a marriage bed,  
Whispering to his soul, he said:  
"Though a bridegroom never pressed  
Deeper bloom to his breast,  
Mortal flesh shall come to clay;  
"Even this shall pass away!"

Fighting on a furious field,  
Once a javelin pierced his shield;  
Soldier with a loud lament,  
Bore him bleeding to his tent,  
Grieving from his tortured side,  
"Pain is hard to bear," he cried,  
"But with patience, day by day,  
"Even this shall pass away!"

Towering in the public square,  
Twenty columns in the air,  
Hose his statue carved in stone,  
Then the king, disguised, unknown,  
Stood before his sculptured name,  
Musing wearily, "What is fame?  
Fame is but a slow decay;  
"Even this shall pass away!"

Struck with palsy, sore and old,  
Waiting at the gates of gold,  
Spoke he with his dying breath:  
"Life is done, but what is death?"  
Then in answer to the king  
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,  
Shewing it a heavenly ray—  
"Even this shall pass away!"

## Select Story.

### The Experience of a Down-Easter.

Some years ago, a very long, brown Down-Easter, attired in one of those costumes which are now nowhere to be met except on the stage, a tall bell-crowned white hat, short-waisted blue coat, with enormous pewter buttons, a vest as "yellow" as a barberry blossom, and a pair of corduroys, whose highest ambition seemed to be to maintain their ascendancy over an enormous pair of cow-hides that had trodden many a hundred miles of logging-paths "might have been seen," jack-knife and shingle in hand, wending his way up Long Wharf, in the realization of his life-long anticipations of "seein'" Boston.

At the corner of Merchant's Row, his progress was arrested by the lumbering transit of a two-story house on wheels drawn by half a dozen yoke of oxen with the people inside pursuing their usual avocations.

"What on air is that ere?" he asked of a by-stander.

"Oh, nothing," replied the "towney." "The folks are all moving that's all. When we move down here, we do it house and all."

"Jerusalem! Wall, that beats all nater!" Wall, cap'n, what's that 'ere big stun house over the left?"

"That's the new Custom House. It's a mighty bad location—but they're going to move it next week."

"Thunder and molasses! I'll take all the oxen in creation to start her!" "Oh, they use elephants for moving such large buildings."

"And how many elephants will it take?" "Upwards of a hundred."

The Yankee cut a deep gash in his shingle, and walked on. He next inquired for the Adams House, for he had heard tell of that, and was determined to progress during his juvenility, aware of the impossibility of doing so at a more advanced age.

He soon found the "tavern" and the "deacon," and ordered accommodations liberally, "darning the expense." Having "sleeked up" a little, he witnessed with some amazement the operations of a gang, simply remarking that "the know'd what sheet lightning was, but that was the first time he'd ever heard of sheet thunder."

He followed the crowd into a dining hall and was ushered to a seat, where he encountered himself, tucked his towel under his chin with a sort of desperation, as if he was going to be shaved or scalped. The sight of the covered dishes added to his amazement.

"Dod dem it!" he exclaimed "ef he heard of cooking on the table! But here they've gone and sot tin kitchens all over the lot. What's the fire to come from—that's what I'd like to know!"

plate away and was running off with it. "Hallo! you, sir!" vociferated the Yankee—"fatch that ere back quicker'n link lightning, or else you'll have your head punched!"

His plate was returned, and he finished his soup with dignity. After waiting a moment he raised his voice again and summoned the offending waiter sternly.

"Cakelate to starve me?" "No, sir."

"Well—why don't you fatch on some fresh fodder—darn ye?" "There's the 'carte', sir."

"Where's the cart? And what in the thunder am I to do with the cart, when I've got it? Look out you pesky sarprit, or you'll catch it."

"The bill of fare."

"I don't pay my bill till I have had my fodder."

The waiter humbly explained the meaning.

"What's all these crack jaw names. Give me something plain and hearty—biled corn beef, and fatch it about the quickest, while I look over the paper, and see what else I'll hav."

"Hold on!" was the next order. "What's this here! M-a-c-a! Read it, won't you, sir?"

"Macaroni, sir."

"All right, cap'n. Hurry it up." The dish was brought.

"You eternal cuss!" roared the Down-Easter, "ef I hain't as great a mind as ever I had to ke-wollop ye, and make an example of ye on the spot. What do ye mean by runnin' your rigs on me just because I'm a stranger in these parts? Take away your biled pipe-stems, and fatch us some cabbage. That's right. And now, squire, some vinegar."

"Vinegar's in the castor, sir," replied the waiter, and made good his retreat.

"In the castor, is it, hey?" soliloquized the Yankee, "And where in thunder is the castor?"

The young man opposite pushed it towards him. He looked at it—took the stopper out of the vinegar, and taking up the castor by the bottom turned it up. But all the crotchets manifested a desire to illustrate the laws of gravity and leap from their locations, and the Yankee was compelled to set it down again.

"Jerusalem!" he exclaimed. "This here is a curious contrivance, and no mistake. How on airth am I to get at the ternal vinegar? I'll try once more."

Again he canted the castor, "but this time all the stopples tumbled out, and the darned castor fell in my gravy, and the darned red lead on my cabbage, and the yellor on my 'tater. Darn the thing, I say!"

"My friend," said the gentleman opposite, with a strong control over his risible muscles, "it appears to me that if I were in want of vinegar, I should have taken the vinegar cruet out of the stand, and by that means avoid all trouble."

Here the whole company, waiters and all, burst into a convulsive fit of laughter. The Yankee rose in a rage, upsetting his chair, and glaring defiance at his neighbors.

"How in the name of all the eternal cusses in creation," he yelled, "should I know anything about the way the darned thing worked, when I never seed one of 'em before? You've hatched this up again! I know it. What's the landlory? Fetch your bill on—I'll get out of this. I hain't eat ten cents worth, but I'll pay up like a book, and cuss and quit. And ef ever I set out to eat a meal of vittles in Boston town again, you may take my hide and tan it. Darn your castors, and your castor ile, and you, too, and all!" and flinging down a dollar on the table, he reined his white bell-top from the hand of the trembling waiter and "vanosed" Down Washington and State streets, he streaked it like a comet, and never slackened his pace until he pulled up on board the Kennebec.

## Wasting Money on Funerals.

"Please give me a rose for a korp!" was the unintelligible request of a little girl at the door.

At my front window was a rose-bush in its wealth of beauty: the child had seen it, and, ringing the bell, had made the request. She meant to ask for a rose to adorn a corpse, but had given what, in her ignorance, she had thought to be the proper word for the singular number, and at first it was quite impossible to know what she wanted of the rose.

It is with no intention to make light of a beautiful instinct of our nature that I speak of this incident. What this poor child asked was the indication of a desire to imitate what others, with the means at their command, do so lavishly when they cover the dead, and the place of the dead, with living but perishing flowers.

The tendency of men and women to extremes and to run everything into the ground has its most interesting illustration in the superabundance of floral decorations with which the dead are now honored, an excess which is to be avoided both on the score of expense and of good taste. And such is the force of custom, (now called fashion), that those who can ill afford the cost, are often constrained by pride, or fear of being thought mean or poor, to go to a degree of expense that is really wrong, in embellishing the funeral with floral tributes. These are sometimes the gifts of friends. Often they are not.

When they do not come in voluntarily they must be bought. And this expense is incurred at a time when the necessary extra expenditure is very considerable, and therefore economy is to be studied as a virtue and duty. I reject as a scandal the current report that florists and undertakers furnish them for the occasion only, transferring them immediately from one funeral to another, or taking them back to the conservatory, awaiting other customers.

And this is only one of the many funeral customs more honored in the breach of them, than in the observance. Thus, when we were assembled at the funeral of one of our distinguished Christian citizens a few weeks ago, a man whose gifts to works of charity and benevolence were counted by hundreds of thousands of dollars, and whose property amounted to millions, no sign of floral decoration appeared, no costly badges of mourning distinguished the pall-bearers, but the service was marked with such simplicity, purity and modesty as became the character of the rich man who did not glory in his riches.

Some years ago I attended the funeral of a member of a family of great wealth, in this city. There was no display. Without scarfs or other tokens, the clergy and bearers attended, and the immediate friends only followed the remains to the grave. But I happened to know that whatever was thus saved in expense, by this example of a simple funeral, was freely bestowed in gifts to those who had need of it, and thus a double good was done.

One of the most venerable and wealthy of our citizens, a man who does not stop at one or two or three hundred thousand dollars when he wishes to help a good cause, said to me a few days ago:

"I want to write you a letter." "I wish you would write me two," I replied.

"I want to write," he said, "on the subject of expensive funerals, that are now becoming so common: it is a great evil; it is an example which imposes a heavy burden on those who cannot afford it, and it is a positive wrong, a wicked waste."

I encouraged him to write, and he did; his letter, if I were at liberty to use it here, would be more powerful, because of its source, than anything I can say. And I was glad to know that when the time comes,—may it be a long way off,—when this city shall attend his funeral, and pay the respect that is due to the character of one of its most honored, useful, munificent, and prospected inhabitants, the funeral will be as simple as his modest, unostentatious, Christian life.

I have just been reading of the progress of civilization under Christian missions of Africa. Among the customs of savage life which the gospel has abolished, is that of human sacrifices at the grave of a chief. When one of them died, it was not uncommon for women to die away into the wilderness to escape being slain with the dead.

But another custom survived after this was overthrown; the practice of burying the most precious treasures of the deceased in the grave with his remains. This practice was not confined to the head men of the tribes, but was general, and the more treasures thus buried the more respectable was the funeral. When the more enlightened men came to see the absurdity and wrong of this custom, they wrote a pledge and signed it, and circulated it among the people, that they would not do so any more, and calling upon their brethren to pledge themselves to assist in breaking up the practice. Their language is

curious, for they had an idea that this sacrifice of wealth in the grave of the dead would please the devil: and hence they use the expression in the following pledge:

DUKE TOWN, OLD CALABAR, July 29, 1874.

"I direct that I shall be buried decently with a suit only; and do solemnly protest against any of my children, friends, or slaves, making any devil for me after my decease; and protest also against any of my property or properties being put into my grave or destroyed. In witness whereof we, the undersigned, have subscribed our names as the above are the last words of Geo. Duke (1). Written and signed by him this 29th day of July, 1874.

(Signed) GEORGE DUKE. Wm. Anderson, Joseph George Duke, Benjamin George Duke, Etam Edong Duke, witnesses."

Wherein is our custom of costly coffins, with costly flowers, and costly scarfs and badges, and costly equipages, more sensible, or less censurable than the African's idea of respectability? We bury all this money, or throw it away on that which does the dead no good, and certainly none to the living. It has no element of Christianity in it; for we know that the body is not the friend we have lost, and that we are putting honors on that which is already putting on corruption. The dust is justly precious in our eyes, for it has just been the earthly vase, the shell of clay in which dwelt the soul of one we loved. It is well that such a shrine should be treated with respectful tenderness. But the loved one is not there. While we are weeping over the dissolving form, and calling it by tender names it knew, but does not now, the spirit may be in another house and land, and where the flowers of our conservatories have no beauty, and the scarfs we put on our friends at the funeral are very mean compared with the raiment of saints in light.—IRENEUS, in New York Observer.

GOLDEN WORDS FROM THE GREAT SHOWMAN.—Mr. P. T. Barnum, the showman, was inaugurated as mayor of Bridgeport, Conn., on the 12th of May, and delivered a short address. Concluding, he said:

"It is painful to the industrious and moral portions of our people to see so many loungers about the streets, and such a multitude whose highest aspirations seem to be to waste their time in idleness or at base ball, billiards, &c. No person needs to be unemployed who is not over-fastidious about the kind of occupation. There are too many soft hands (and heads) waiting for light work and heavy pay. Better work for half a loaf than beg or steal a whole one. Mother earth is always near by and ready to respond to reasonable drafts on her never-failing treasury. A patch of potatoes raised 'on shares' is preferable to a polished pate earned in a whisky scurrage. Some modern misadventures stand with folded hands waiting for the panic to pass, as the foolish man waited for the river to run dry and allow him to walk over. The soil is the foundation of American prosperity. When multitudes of our consumers become producers; when fashion teaches economy, instead of expending for a gaudy dress what would comfortably clothe the family; when people learn to walk until they can afford to ride; when the poor man ceases to expend more for tobacco than for bread; when those who complain of paucity learn that 'we cannot eat our cake and keep it'; that a sieve will not hold water; that we must rely on our own exertions, and earn before we expend, then will paucity cease and prosperity return. While we should by no means unreasonably restrict healthy recreation we should remember that 'time is money,' that idleness leads to immoral habits, and that the peace, prosperity and character of a city depends on the intelligence, integrity, industry and frugality of its inhabitants."

WHY NOT SUCCESSFUL.—The young clerk marries and takes a house, which he proceeds to furnish twice as expensively as he can afford, and then his wife, instead of striving to help him earn a livelihood, by doing her own work, must have a hired servant to help her spend his limited earnings. Ten years afterward he will find him struggling on under a double load of debts and children, wondering why the luck is always against him, while his friends regret his unhappy destitution of financial ability.

Had they from the first been frank and honest, he need not have been so unlucky. The world is full of people who can't imagine why they don't prosper like their neighbors, when the real obstacle is not in banks or tariffs, but in bad public policy or hard times, but in their own extravagance and heedless ostentation.

"Julius, why is de gettin' out of bed on de 31st of August like one ob Moore's Melodies? Does you gib it up, my 'spected cold friend?" "In course I does. Why?" "Make use of de last rose of summer!"

## A Fellow Feeling.

He knew how it was himself.

Lately a young German girl named Amelia Dennereschlag, having a trustful confidence in the laws of her country, as expounded by Bunyon, went before that justice and began a suit for \$200 against August Behrens for breach of promise. She would have sued for more, but \$200 is the limit of the jurisdiction of a justice, and that is why she stopped at that figure, not but what she esteemed her love to be worth a much higher sum. A warrant was issued and the case came up. The complainant stated that she had known the defendant in Germany, and had become engaged to him there. He had emigrated to this country in order to earn a home, and she had followed him in the course of a year. Soon after her arrival, finding him in good circumstances, she pressed him to fulfill his promise, but he refused to do so. Hence the suit. The justice asked the young man if he had any thing to say in his behalf, and he stated he had.

Mr. Behrens—As this young lady says, your honor, I was engaged to her in Germany, where she was living with her father. I came to Chicago and boarded at the house of her sister and mother, who were living on North Division street, and I lived with them for nine months. During that time I had many opportunities to watch the ways of this young lady's mother, and I was not pleased with them at all.

At this point the brow of the justice unbent. His manner, which had been particularly gloomy, began to change, and he looked with something of friendliness upon Mr. Behrens.

"Excuse me," said the judge. "I should like to ask you a few questions. But this woman says that she intended to live with you after you were married? Did she inform you that she was ready to take all the care of the household of your hands? Did she ask you to let her save up your money? Did she say that she could take care of it a great deal better than you could?"

"Yes," said Mr. Behrens.

"Go on," said the judge.

Mr. Behrens—When this young lady came over here from Germany she did ask me to marry her, and I was ready to, and I told her I was. But she said that her mother must live with us and keep house for us. I told her I had watched the ways of her mother, and that I was not pleased with them, that I loved her deeply, and was ready to marry her, but did not wish to marry her mother also, who was a woman of lordly and unpleasant habits, and insisted upon feeding me too much upon cabbage, a vegetable I have always had a dislike for. I am ready, your honor, to marry her now, providing that she will leave her mother out in the cold; but I will not marry the old woman. I have made up my mind to that, no matter what comes.

The Justice—Now, let me ask you, my young friend, which would you rather do—pay down \$200, or marry the young lady and have her mother with you.

Mr. Behrens (firmly)—I will pay the \$200.

The Justice—Allow me to shake hands with you. I envy your firmness. There was a period in the life of this court, Mr. Behrens, when it was placed in circumstances somewhat similar to your own. If it had the moral courage which you possess, it would have saved about twenty-five years of misery and unhappiness. The alternative was presented to this court whether it would marry a young lady and her mother, or whether it would pay \$125 in gold. This court was poor at the time; it was earning an unsatisfactory living at the restaurant business. It yielded. It took the young woman, and the mother-in-law and kept the \$125. For a quarter of a century this court regretted its hasty action. It is glad to meet a man who cherishes happiness more than he does money. The order of the court is that the defendant stand discharged, and that the complainant, who has been trying to bring a man into slavery to a mother-in-law, be fined \$10 and costs.

Buckle, the philosopher, says: "A woman reaches her prime between thirty-five and forty; for, though her beauty has then lost the charm of youth, it has acquired that of expression." Buckle's right. We know one female who expels in the beauty of expression, and she is over forty. We heard her the other evening say: "You round-shouldered, spay-footed, double-ud footed fool, if you don't keep the baby out of the mud-gutter I'll split that thick head of yours with the coal shovel." We suppose that's the sort of woman Buckle meant.

Buffalo Bill was in the Brooklyn court room, one day last week, and produced the impression of a man who could settle the Beecher matter with a lasso or shot-gun in about four seconds.

Patience is the key of content.

## A FEARFUL WASTE OF FLESH AND BLOOD.

Col. Vallier, the head of the Swiss School of Artillery, has just published an exceedingly interesting essay on the armies of Continental Europe. From this essay we learn that the entire armies, with reserves, amount to 6,500,000 men, and of this number he gives Germany, 1,700,000; France, 1,500,000; Austria, 900,000, and Italy, 750,000. About half the soldiers enumerated are at all times under arms.

The cost per man, according to Col. Vallier, is about \$200 per year, or say for the maintenance of 3,000,000 men, a total of \$600,000,000. Here are three millions of men taken from the industries, taught little but the use of arms, and supported by the working people of the country. What a fearful waste! Is it any wonder that the people of Europe are poor, when five nations pay yearly \$600,000,000 for the support of men in idleness—men who are not of the slightest use to those who support them? How long will it be before the nations of Europe discover that they are paying altogether too dearly for the luxury of kings and courts—of national glory? When they do make the discovery there will soon be an end to grand armies, gaudy generals and corrupt or ambitious monarchs.

Some of our exchanges are poisoning the community with spurious pictures of Miss Bessie Turner, of scandal fame, in nearly every case utilizing patent medicine cuts. We have come to the rescue with the above beautiful likeness, a most striking one, of the young lady. Its elaborate design is beyond criticism, and as a work of art challenges the naked eye. Our artist has since died. His remains and the sketch reached us simultaneously. We make no extra charge for this issue because it presents the above portrait, but extra copies will be sent to any address on the receipt of \$40—proceeds to be given to the widow of the dead genius. N. B.—This cut is copyrighted. P. S.—We must apologize for the crooked position of the picture within one column—the subject moved.—Danburian.

HE FIXED THE DAY.—There are many ways of bringing a hesitating lover to terms. Entreaty, a flirtation which may arouse his jealousy and at the same time revive his cooling ardor, or, in extreme cases, a breach of promise case, are useful in their way. We can not recommend, even when all these have failed the plan of Miss Hanna Pettit, of Columbus, Ind. Her swain Henry Palmer had been engaged to her for ten years but declined to name the day for the nuptials. She could and finally went to his place of business armed with a revolver and accompanied by her brother. She then demanded a fulfillment of his vows.

He remained obstinate. She thereupon fired at him, the ball penetrating his side and inflicting a painful but not dangerous wound. Palmer was greatly scared and grew penitent, and to quiet his remorse told her he was ready for marriage.

A justice of the peace was sent for and the ceremony performed. She is now nursing the invalid, and the possibilities are the union will be happy. Still all men are not Palmer and all women are not such skillful or lucky shots as Miss Pettit proved to be.

CUTTING FLOWERS.—Never cut flowers during intense sunshine, nor keep them exposed to sun or wind. Do not collect them in large bundles, or tie them together, as this hastens their decay. Do not pull them, but cut them cleanly off the plant with a sharp knife—not with scissors. When taken indoors, place them in the shade and reduce them to the required length of stalk with a sharp knife, by which the tubes, through which they draw up water, is permitted to ascend freely; whereas, if the stems are bruised or lacerated, the pores are closed up, and pure water to set them in, or pure white sand in a state of saturation, sticking the ends of the stalks into it, but not in a crowded manner. If in water alone, it ought to be changed daily; and a thin slice should be cut off the ends of the stalks at every change of water.







